Blanshard Gets the Silent Treatment—*Jerry Tallmer*

THE Nation

July 16, 1949

"A Most Unusual Case"

The Trial of Alger Hiss: III

BY ROBERT BENDINER

*

The Nazis Who Live Next Door

BY MORTON M. HUNT

*

Science, Politics, and Hunger

BY SIR JOHN BOYD ORR

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 169 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • JULY 16, 1949 NUMBER 3

The Campaign Against Sterling

IN A speech to the House of Commons on July 6 Sir Stafford Cripps confirmed the fact that in the last three months the sterling area's gold and dollar reserves had dwindled to little more than $1,600,000, which is considered to be well below the safety margin. Among the several reasons for this decline is a reduction in British exports to the United States which has been only partially offset by an increase in sales to Canada. This seems to be due to our recession, as does the more substantial drop in sales to this country of such primary commodities as rubber, cocoa, jute, and lead, which are among the leading "dollar earners" of the sterling area. Persistent "bearishness" on sterling in Washington, particularly in the Treasury, has made things worse by encouraging importers of British goods to hold back in the hope of buying more cheaply if and when the exchange rate is cut.

To meet the situation Cripps proposes to postpone new dollar purchases as far as possible while continuing to push exports to the Western Hemisphere. This may mean, although not immediately, more austerity for the long-suffering British consumer. In the first place, however, it is intended to provide a breathing-spell for discussions among the British government, the Commonwealth nations, and the United States, with a view to finding some new solution of the stubborn problem posed by the chronic lack of balance between the sterling and dollar worlds. One alleged solution, heavily plugged in recent weeks by a variety of American voices, has been sternly rejected once again by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The government," he said emphatically, "has no intention of devaluating the pound."

Is this attitude, as some commentators have suggested, indicative of too great regard for the prestige of the pound? Or does it, as we are inclined to believe, denote a realistic appraisal of the motive of many of the campaigners for revaluation—a desire to torpedo British socialism? It is true that in some circumstances, as the Bretton Woods agreement recognized, currency devaluation may be the only practicable means to correct "a fundamental disequilibrium." But the disequilibrium of which the present sterling crisis is a symptom is not solely a British problem. It is one aspect of the major lack of balance in international trade caused by the efforts of the United States to sell to the world nearly twice as much as it buys. Is it conceivable that by depreciating their currencies the dollar-short countries could cheapen their goods sufficiently to sell another $5,000,000,000 worth annually to the United States? And, if they succeeded, would there not be an insistent demand from American industrialists for protection against this flood of imports? Even now, when Britain is being instructed "to get competitive," there are constant complaints from some of our manufacturers that its prices are altogether too competitive as they are.

Actually it is by no means certain that the pound is seriously overvalued or that British prices are relatively higher than those of other countries. At least it is a little difficult to reconcile this theory with the fact that in comparison with pre-war days prices of the goods Britain imports have risen more than those it exports. This means broadly that it takes a larger amount of British machinery to pay for a shipload of food and raw materials than in 1938. And this adverse movement in "the terms of trade," as it is called, would be accentuated by devaluation, which would decrease British export prices and raise import prices.

But even this disadvantage might be borne if there were definite assurance that a cut-rate sterling exchange would so stimulate sales to other countries, and particularly the dollar area, that there would be a net increase in the proceeds. For this to happen it would obviously be necessary for the volume of exports to rise proportionately more than the reduction in the exchange rate. To take a concrete example: Scotch whiskey sales to this country now net Britain about $1 a bottle. A 25 per cent devaluation in sterling would mean a landed price here —before duty, distribution costs, and so forth—of 75 cents, and thus 33 1/3 per cent more bottles would have to be drunk before this particular export earned the same amount in dollars as before. It seems doubtful whether so small a decrease in price, relative to the

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The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1949, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas.
Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year; Foreign and Canadian $1.
Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.
Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

amount the consumer pays, would have so considerable an influence on American thirst.

The effect of devaluation on British imports must also be taken into account. Sterling prices of all goods obtained from the dollar area—we assume other "soft-currency" countries would also devaluate—would rise automatically. Since such goods include an important part of Britain's food and raw materials, a rise both in the cost of living and in manufacturing costs would probably be unavoidable. Of course such a rise in prices would discourage consumption and in time lead to a reduction in imports. But consumption is already severely discouraged, and the question is whether it can be reduced further, except by application of more stringent direct controls—the method anticipated by Cripps—or by severe internal deflation, including the deliberate creation of unemployment.

This really brings us to the crux of the matter. Whatever means are adopted to grapple with the present exchange crisis, the result is likely to be a reduced volume of imports, and the British standard of living is linked far more closely to imports than is our own. Will the inevitable increase in austerity be shared by all sections of the people or will it be imposed on the workers? Cripps in his statement made it clear that he was seeking a solution to the problem consistent with the policy of full employment and "the principle of 'fair shares' to which our nation is committed." Some Tory spokesmen are demanding, as plainly as they dare, a reversal of this position. They hint at the necessity for sharp cuts in expenditure on social services and for reductions in wages enforced if necessary by unemployment. While they do not openly advocate devaluation, they smile on the American campaign, since devaluation would create an internal as well as an external crisis and help to bring about the kind of "readjustment" they desire. Thus the Tory *Daily Telegraph*, discussing the conception of "freer trade" which the E. C. A. has been propounding, writes: "The competitive element . . . is a challenge to Britain to reduce her costs of production These are closely involved with the whole question of the cost of social security, the prices of raw materials under bulk purchase, wage rates, and hours of work. . . . The challenge is to the whole of Britain's controlled economy."

There is a suggestion here of a squeeze-play, masterminded by some American officials with the assistance of American and British publicists, which aims at using devaluation as a lever to topple over the controls making full employment and "fair shares" possible in Britain. If successful, it would face the trade unions with wage cuts and create a split between them and the government which might cause the whole Socialist experiment to collapse. That would of course be as welcome a development to some American capitalists as it would to the gentlemen in the Kremlin.

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The Shape of Things

IN A MOOD OF APATHY, GENERATED BY heat, the constricted area of the old Senate Chamber, and a desire to get done and go home, the Senate is preparing to ratify the North Atlantic Pact as this issue goes to press. The result may not have been affected by the hurried debate. As we said when the pact was signed, its victory was in the bag as soon as the Senate was convinced that the right of Congress to declare war had not been abrogated. But the meager discussion was deplorable for other reasons. The Senate seemed to assume it must either take the pact or leave it. Those who criticized certain sections did so only to fortify their opposition to the pact as a whole. No effort was made to clarify or amend specific articles. Senator Donnell, for example, attacked particularly Articles 2, 3, and 5, and made some good points along with some stupid and reactionary ones. But he offered no amendments, expressing instead his intention to vote against ratification. Not a single Senator tried to limit or better define our commitments under Article 5, which binds members of the alliance to regard an armed attack on one of them as an attack on all; or Article 4, which pledges them to "consult together" whenever the security or territorial integrity of any member is threatened. Nor was there any effort to make the alliance conform to the regional-agreements provision of the United Nations Charter. Nor was the question raised whether in view of improving relations with Russia, the pact in its present form would or would not contribute to the peaceful solution of outstanding differences. The most vocal opposition arose not from the treaty itself, but from the belief that if it were ratified Congress would be morally obliged to adopt the arms-for-Europe program, which is its corollary. No doubt a two-thirds' majority of the Senate would have approved the pact in any case, though certain reservations might well have been voted in. What we object to is the adoption of a momentous change in American foreign policy without full and detailed consideration—even in a small room in hot weather.

*

TWO THOUSAND GERMAN INDUSTRIALISTS, Cabinet ministers, politicians, and miners are assembling at Caux, Switzerland, this month to listen to Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman talk about "God-control" and social change based on personal change. For the last year now a hundred-man team of Moral Rearmament enthusiasts has been working among the Germans with a success that has prompted Dr. Herman Kost, director general of the German Coal Board, to say that Dr. Buchman's "inspired democracy" and "superior ideology" may be the answer to the German problem. One of the MRA "folk" dramas, "The Forgotten Factor," has been presented before audiences totaling more than 70,000 people in twelve mining and textile towns in the Ruhr. This superlatively platitudinous drama is reported to have aroused great enthusiasm "for its simple, moving presentation of the virtues of democratic life." One of the leaders of the resurgent MRA movement in Germany is Peter Peterson, former member of the Hitler Youth, trained for four years in a Nazi school for "political leaders." Herr Peterson reports that his discovery of Dr. Buchman was "a terrific experience." Doubtless many of the Germans remember Dr. Buchman's record of appeasement in the days of Munich.

*

THE NEW JERSEY SUPREME COURT HAS found reversible error in the case of the "Trenton Six," and has ordered a new trial for the Negroes who were

Franco's Revenge

A FRIEND on the Spanish-French frontier informs us: As was feared, Franco's defeat in the United Nations has unleashed a new wave of terror in Spain. Franco was infuriated by his inability to get the U. N. to open its doors to him and also by the refusal of the Export-Import Bank to give him the millions of dollars he needs to overcome the economic crisis which is stifling him; and he is taking out his ill-humor on the Republicans. The most sensational of this new series of atrocities was the hanging of fifteen guerrillas in the villages of Sella and Ralleu in the province of Alicante. The State Department at Washington must have had knowledge of this crime, since it was discovered by an employee of the United States consulate. The Spanish authorities, fearing an American protest, have kept absolutely silent about it, and so have the press and radio. Prisoners are again being beaten so brutally that many are committing suicide. The moderate Socialist Nicolás Redondo, after having been barbarously beaten, jumped out of the window of the police station at Incechu in Bilbao when he was asked to make a statement betraying his friends; both his legs were broken and he will be an invalid for the rest of his life. In Larriñaga in Bilbao another moderate Socialist whose name was not given me threw himself out of a prison window and was killed. A militant trade unionist named Axpe was driven mad by the beatings he received and taken to the asylum at Zaldíbar in the Basque country. We get this news from the Basque country because it is only half an hour distant, but surely the same sort of thing is happening in the rest of Spain without our hearing of it. The Falangist radio, which until a few days ago combined attacks on Great Britain with flattery for the United States, has now begun to attack the bankrupt American economy with as much vehemence as even Moscow could show.

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sentenced to death last August for the murder of William Horner. Those of our readers who remember the account ("Due Process" in New Jersey, *The Nation,* March 26,) of the very questionable procedures employed in this case will rejoice with these six men who are now assured the just trial they were previously denied.

Note on Viet Nam

OUR correspondent in Paris writes: Listening to the long debate on the military estimates in the National Assembly one realizes how distasteful to everybody the war in Indo-China is and how awkward are the questions put to the government by the Communist opposition, usually amid what the *Journal Officiel* calls *"bruit"* or *"bruit prolongé."* Of the total force of 120,000 men on the French side, 60,000 are alleged to be "black," most of them Senegalese, and the other day there was a long and angry discussion, in which a number of "colored" deputies took part, as to whether it was constitutionally justifiable to make one "colored" race within the French Union fight another "colored" race. The government declared that all the peoples of the French Union were united in defense of their common interests. More evasive answers were given to questions about the employment in Viet Nam of former S. S. men and members of the Vichy militia, who, it was alleged, had been allowed to enlist in the Foreign Legion instead of serving their sentences in France. One charge to which the government made no precise reply was that two S. S. men who participated in the Oradour massacre—the French Lidice—in 1944 were now fighting in Indo-China.

Two left-wing papers, *Combat* and *Franc-Tireur* (the story was later taken up by the Communist *Humanité*), have declared that many atrocities are being committed by the varied troops fighting against the Viet Namese and have given numerous lurid instances. *Franc-Tireur* also said that several kinds of torture, including the use of electricity, were being practiced on Viet Namese prisoners; it did not deny that atrocities were also being committed by the other side but said that was no excuse. The government denies any atrocities on the French side, except possibly some "isolated cases."

If in talking to French officials one gets down to brass tacks, one discovers that the war in Viet Nam is really a sort of rear-guard action. The French are "hanging on" until—. Until what? Obviously until the United States government thinks up some general scheme of defense in Southeast Asia and makes up its mind to use the Langson-Moncay-Hanoi-Haiphong area as a barricade to prevent communication between Communist China and the vast areas of Indo-China controlled by Ho Chi Minh. But it is rather hard to believe that the French government has actually any faith in the possibility of building an anti-red redoubt in Indo-China with the help of the "Emperor" Bao Dai, who was planted on his throne by the French army and whose support among the population appears to be negligible.

"A Most Unusual Case"

BY ROBERT BENDINER

The Trial of Alger Hiss—III

OF ALL possible outcomes of this generation's most celebrated trial, a "hung jury" was surely the one most in keeping with the general bewilderment. It was the dénouement that most accurately reflected the prevalent doubt as to whether Alger Hiss was the victim of a personal conspiracy or the perpetrator of a political one.

As Judge Samuel H. Kaufman understated it, this was "a most unusual case." The appearance, reputation, and public record of the accused were as appealing, unimpeachable, and impressive as any defense lawyer could dream of starting out with; while the accuser, Whittaker Chambers, was a confessed perjurer, a man whose life history must have struck the jury as the saga of a warped and sinister figure. The one had apparently all the virtues of the American myth-hero; the other was cast to perfection for the role of failure, misfit, trouble-maker. On one side were religious upbringing, youthful good looks, a pleasant smile and a forthright manner. Add to these Phi Beta Kappa at Johns Hopkins, honors at Harvard Law School, a swift rise to high position, and the superlative opinion of the mighty, from admirals to Supreme Court judges. On the other side were an almost wilful lack of appeal, a voice that rarely rose above a murmur, a record of expulsion from school, bohemian "godlessness," the seamy existence of a professional revolutionary. Above all, here was masochistic self-condemnation for a former life as "traitor"—his own harsh judgment—conspirator, and courier of underground agents for a foreign power.

The jury had heard the prosecutor say, "If you don't believe Whittaker Chambers, then the government has no case." It had heard defense counsel make those words the symphonic theme of his summation. And it had heard the judge charge it to acquit Hiss if it did not "believe Mr. Chambers's testimony beyond a reasonable

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doubt." Yet it could not bring itself to acquit. Not only could it make no unanimous choice between the utterly contradictory testimonies of Chambers and Hiss, but it actually leaned toward that of Chambers by eight votes to four.

In the circumstances the jury's deadlock was a stunning blow to Hiss, for whom a repetition of the "long nightmare" is in prospect, and to Lloyd Paul Stryker, his chief trial lawyer. Throughout the six weeks' ordeal the defendant had maintained a light and relaxed air that must be regarded as remarkable even in innocence and almost pathological in guilt. But with the first report from the jurors that it could not reach a verdict he tightened and passed a hand over his eyes. And when they finally abandoned the effort, he sagged perceptibly. While reporters rushed forward to get at the retiring jurymen, he and his wistful-looking wife, who had sat placidly beside him through the trial, remained for some time glued to their seats, his alert eye and boyish smile giving way to an impassive, unseeing stare. In the ensuing hubbub both remained silent.

WHAT were the factors in the development of the trial that so disposed eight jurors out of twelve against the defendant? What was it that so outweighed his good name and apparently truthful manner on the stand that two-thirds of the jurors battled with the others for his conviction? ("Eight of us pounded hell out of the four," one of them said after the trial, "but we couldn't get anywhere.")

From my talks with several of the jurors after the trial, from the running debate that went on among my fellow-reporters, and from my own observations and reactions, I would say that the telling factor was the evasive nature of the defense argument. This is by no means to assert a conviction of the man's guilt. He can be the victim of a monstrous frame-up and yet by virtue of his very innocence be unable to account for the circumstantial evidence piled up against him. It must be remembered, too, that Hiss is only technically accused of perjury. In substance he is accused of espionage, which the law says cannot be held against him presumably because the alleged acts occurred so long ago that a fair trial of the issue can no longer be guaranteed. That is a major purpose of the statute of limitations. Yet, however it may be explained, the fact remains that on the most crucial points the defense did not carry enough conviction to impress more than one-third of the jury.

From those of the eight "convicting" jurors who were willing to talk I gathered that they, no more than most observers at the trial—or most of the public, I daresay—were willing to take Mr. Chambers's word at face value. But where his testimony touched on matters not crucial to the specific indictment, they tended to glide over it. Thus the Peterborough trip, which Stryker spent much time on, and which appeared to be a genuine weakness in Assistant United States Attorney Thomas F. Murphy's presentation of the government's case, seems to have counted very little with them. This was the car ride which the Hisses were supposed to have taken with Chambers on August 10, 1937, from Washington to Peterborough, N. H., for no ostensible purpose other than to see a summer stock show. Similarly the jury appears to have attached little credence, but also little importance, to Chambers's story about fearing an "ambush" when he called on Hiss for the last time or to other bits of Chambers's evidence which Stryker convincingly branded "preposterous to the nth degree and perjurious."

One of the jurors most convinced of the defendant's guilt was asked by a reporter after the trial whether he regarded any of the four pro-Hiss jurors as Communist sympathizers. Whirling on his questioner, he not only gave him an emphatic denial but said pointedly that the question of communism as such was firmly ruled out of the deliberations from the very start.

But whether they agreed or not with Lloyd Paul Stryker's characterization of Chambers as traitor, thief, liar, perjurer, enemy of his country, and hypocrite," they were determined to walk through the minefield of his alleged falsehoods, pick up the most pertinent bits of testimony, and test them against both the corroborative evidence and the refutations of the defense. By "pertinent" they meant only evidence that bore on the two charges of perjury—that is, that Hiss lied to the grand jury when he said he had never passed confidential State Department documents to Chambers and that he had not seen him at all after December 31, 1937.

WITHOUT a doubt it was the production of the documents by Chambers that weighed most heavily against the defendant. His attorneys did not concede these typewritten copies came from the Hiss machine, but neither did they contest evidence to that effect by a government expert. Instead, Stryker attempted to show that the machine was not in his client's possession at the time the copies were made. Had he been able to pin down this contention beyond all question, he would have won an acquittal, but his witnesses left too much doubt on the point for it to be conclusive. And beyond this doubt there remained the question which no juror could humanly ignore: if the papers were typed on this machine, but not by the Hisses, who could have typed them and how did Chambers get them? The Catlett boys, to whom the machine was supposedly given, swore that they never saw Chambers—and they were defense witnesses.

On this point the jurors went beyond the prosecutor himself. They compared the copies with letters admit-

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tedly written by Mrs. Hiss, not only to satisfy themselves that they came from the same machine, as charged, but to discover, if possible, whether they were the work of the same typist. Eight of them were convinced, by similarities in errors and in the correction of errors, that such was the case. The possibility was conceded even by one of the four jurors who favored acquittal, who argued only that typing the copies was no crime and there was no proof that Hiss had delivered them to Chambers.

SECOND only to the mute evidence of the documents was the failure of the defense to adduce a convincing motive that might have impelled Chambers to destroy an innocent man. Legally Mr. Stryker and his associates were not obliged to establish such a motive, but on this point, too, the jurors would inevitably go beyond the technicalities of the law to broader considerations of human behavior. Mr. Stryker ignored this profoundly important aspect of the case until his summation, when he suggested the following theory: Chambers, frustrated at not having become a "commissar" in the Communist Party, with power to "give us the lash or pull our fingernails out by the roots," sought political power in the bourgeois world. Believing the Republicans certain to win in 1948, he thought to further his ambitions by forging a propaganda link fatal to the Democrats: Communist Party to Hiss to Roosevelt to Yalta. When he found Hiss ready to stand up to him and sue for libel, he came up with the damaging documents. How did he get them? Perhaps from Julian Wadleigh or some other "co-conspirator and rogue."

I gathered from several jurors that they were not impressed with this thesis. Not only was it buttressed by no evidence, but since Stryker had more than once suggested that Chambers and his wife had been helped by the government in acquiring their intimate knowledge of the Hisses' affairs, this theory would seem to have the Administration willingly cooperating, if not conniving, in its own defeat.

The vivid description which both Mr. and Mrs. Chambers gave of the interiors of several Hiss homes, which the defense said they had never entered, was challenged on a few points but not on most. This, too, counted against the defendant as far as the eight were concerned. In the end, they appear to have agreed with Mr. Murphy that Mrs. Chambers "was either there or she is psychic."

More important, and the last of the major obstacles to an acquittal, was Chambers's possession of the four memoranda admittedly written by Hiss. These were, the defense said, merely summaries and notes about documents of interest to the defendant's superior, Assistant Secretary of State Sayre, which Hiss prepared in order to save time for the official. One of these, concerning the seizure by the Russians of a former American Communist named Rubens, not only appeared to be remote in subject matter from the interest of Mr. Sayre but was practically a verbatim transcript of an extremely brief cable. Here, too, the implication that it was Wadleigh who stole the memoranda raised the question of why he should come forward and admit to having given Chambers certain papers, thus blasting forever his own reputation, and at the same time deny emphatically that he had given him the particular papers in evidence. Murphy was careful to point out that while Stryker several times in his summation expressed the wish that he might have had "more time to develop all these points," he gave only eleven minutes of his four-hour speech to the whole question of the documents.

Against all this the four jurors who favored acquittal fixed their course on one fixed star: the judge's injunction, several times repeated: "If you do not believe Chambers, I direct you to acquit Mr. Hiss." It was their view, buttressed by the law on perjury, that to convict they had to believe Chambers's testimony, independently, *plus* the corroborative evidence, and not merely one or the other. On this rock the eight opposing jurors pounded in vain. The contest was between faith in Hiss and circumstantial evidence.

THERE are times in a trial of this sort when one feels that the rules of law and the customs of courts, indispensable safeguards that they are, are inadequate to get at the heart of the matter. The rival lawyers are not charged with seeking out the truth but with opposing each other in an elaborate game in which victory is the paramount object. To this end Mr. Stryker did not hesitate to invoke religion, the flag, motherhood, political orthodoxy, and the sanctity of marriage, none of which had any part in the affair except as dust to throw in the jurors' eyes. And Mr. Murphy, abandoning the very essence of the law, reminded the jury that it was not the first to choose between Hiss and Chambers, that the grand jury had heard their stories earlier and preferred to believe Chambers.

Even allowing for these tricks of the lawyers' trade, the issue itself—and this is legally proper—is narrowly drawn in a court of law. Certain witnesses are rightly ruled out because, among other reasons, their testimony on a charge not contained in the indictment might prejudice the jury concerning a charge that is. Yet one cannot avoid the feeling that we would be closer to a solution if we could hear Mr. Sayre say whether or not Hiss ever discussed the Rubens cable with him; or Hede Massing tell of her alleged political relations with Hiss; or Maxim Lieber tell whether or not he once stayed with both the Hiss and Chambers families in a cottage on the Delaware.

Beyond all these considerations, even an ultimate verdict of guilt or innocence can only serve to reveal

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the existence of a greater mystery—the question, depending on the verdict, of *why* Whittaker Chambers lied elaborately to ruin Alger Hiss, or *why* Alger Hiss, with success assured, chose to lead a double life of furtive hazard and infinite complexity. It was out of the depths of this subterranean mystery that wisps of fog swirled into Judge Kaufman's skyscraper courtroom, distorting the vision of observers, creating an air of unreality, and frequently rendering the shape of truth indistinguishable from the shape of falsehood.

Conflict Beyond the Indus

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, July 2

SPARKS are flying between Kabul and Karachi over the future of the Pathan region separating Afghanistan from Pakistan. In recent weeks relations between the two countries have deteriorated to a startling extent. There is even a hint that unless the dispute is settled by adjustments on both sides, peace in this part of the world may be imperiled.

Whatever may be the merits of the dispute, it is not of recent origin. Afghanistan claims on the authority of recorded history that the present demarcation of Pathan territory to include both the Northwest Frontier Province and the tribal areas of Waziristan is barely more than a century old. It was the result of successive Afghan wars with Britain during the nineteenth century and was never accepted by Afghanistan as a permanent arrangement. For centuries before the British occupation of India the land between the Oxus and the Indus was Afghan, a compact and homogeneous region. The famous Durand line drawn by Britain during the closing years of the last century marked an imaginary boundary between India and Afghanistan and was constantly crossed by the tribes living on either side. Affinities of race, blood, language, and custom knit these border tribes so closely together that the Durand line had no reality for them.

As long as the British doled out petty reforms to the Northwest Frontier Province, which retained unquestionable political authority over the region, Afghanistan was content to watch uneasily, without openly demanding the return of the territory. But when two decades ago Britain's Labor government under Ramsay MacDonald held round-table conferences in London and almost promised India dominion status, Afghanistan promptly sent a reminder to Britain that the territory beyond the Indus belonged to it by sentiment and by history and should be considered on a separate basis from the rest of India if the British withdrew. This claim was presented again in 1942 when Sir Stafford Cripps visited India on behalf of the Churchill Cabinet and was repeated during the closing stages of the Second World War. The Afghans did not demand a return of the territory but a guaranty of independence for the Afghan tribes in the buffer region between undivided India and Afghanistan, implemented by the holding of a free referendum.

Originally, therefore, the dispute was not with Pakistan but with Britain. Pakistan comes into the picture only as Britain's successor. For Afghanistan the sudden withdrawal of British control over India, coupled with the partition of 1947, was very disturbing. Events developed so swiftly that it had no time to present its case to Britain. But it formally registered a protest before the United Nations General Assembly at the time of Pakistan's admission as a member.

For the last twenty months the effects of partition on India have absorbed so much attention that the effect on Afghanistan's internal economy has almost escaped notice. It is relevant to point out that Afghanistan carried on an active trade with undivided India, selling it fruit, cotton, and so on, and buying textiles, sugar, and other consumer goods. Partition has seriously dislocated this trade. In addition Afghanistan has long been looking for direct access to the sea; a port in western Baluchistan would probably suit it admirably. Also it would welcome a grant of free-trade zones in both India and Pakistan in order to avoid the high tariffs of these countries.

There is another aspect to partition which Afghanistan has been compelled to consider. Whatever the limitations of British frontier policy, the Afghans found some consolation in the enormous sums of money being spent out of India's revenues to keep the tribes quiet. Directly as subsidies and allowances and indirectly through the building of roads and other means of communication and through military contracts, the British were spending at least $30,000,000 a year for border security in the region beyond the Indus. It is clear that Pakistan cannot afford the same scale of expenditure. It must evolve a less costly policy which will assure the tribes social and economic progress without affecting their freedom. In this connection developments in Kashmir acquire greater

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significance. For some time after partition Pakistan found it convenient to exploit tribal poverty and fanaticism in order to divert some of the tribes into Kashmir. This was a dangerous game, however, since the tribesmen, with their acute political sense, were bound sooner or later to realize its purpose. Nor will aerial bombing be any more effective in subjugating the tribes than it was in the days of British authority over India.

AT THE moment Pakistan seems determined to try a policy of vigorous suppression. The leaders of the red-shirt movement have been imprisoned, and hardly any freedom of movement or speech is allowed in the region. Jinnah, in the last few months of his life, seemed dimly conscious of the need for a conciliatory policy. The announcement of the withdrawal of Pakistan's troops from the tribal areas of Waziristan was followed by an assurance from Karachi that the right of all Afghan territories to autonomy would be recognized. After a series of conferences with a representative of Afghanistan in Karachi, in December, 1947, and January, 1948, Pakistan's top-ranking leaders, including not only Jinnah but the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister, seemed willing to confer autonomy on the Afghan peoples of the border region in all spheres except defense, external affairs, and communications. Unfortunately for Afghanistan, Jinnah's influence was waning in the months before his death. It is futile to speculate on how differently he might have molded Pakistan's policy on this mattter had he lived a few more years. The bombing of the tribal areas and the declaration made last March by Pakistan's present Governor General, Khwaja Nazimuddin, that Waziristan will continue to be an integral part of Pakistan seem to Afghanistan expressions of a policy which Jinnah would hardly have approved.

Be that as it may, Pakistan's present attitude toward the demand of the Afghan tribes for unification, complete autonomy, and self-determination can only lead to increased bitterness and friction. Deeply suspicious by reason of their past experience with Britain, these tribes see that Pakistan's independence has not meant the elimination of British officers from the higher administrative posts or any essential change in policy. Anti-British sentiment has always been strong among the tribesmen and can easily be aroused in favor of an independence movement.

The Nazis Who Live Next Door

BY MORTON M. HUNT

[*In an article in* The Nation *of January 11, 1947, entitled This Brain for Hire, Joachim Joesten discussed the "drafting" of former Nazi war scientists by the victorious powers, including the United States. Since he wrote, the American press has printed very little about these men or their work, although from time to time brief news dispatches have noted that another group had arrived to conduct research in aeronautics, rockets, radar, or atomic energy. Last May a full-length article in the* Nation's Business *filled in more of the picture, giving the impression that the German scientists here had all turned into happy, democratic Americans—good men to have on our side.*

Morton M. Hunt, until recently an editor of Science Illustrated, *has a somewhat different view. He speaks from first-hand knowledge, since he was a member of the army team which rounded them up and three and a half years later talked intimately with one of his most prized "acquisitions," then working at a Middle Western university.*]

I. "How Much Poison Can You Swallow?"

ONE fine morning in the middle of June, 1945, I sat in the front of an army air-force truck bouncing over the shell-pocked roads of central Germany. I was on a strange mission. In my pocket were secret orders assigning me to "Project Lusty," a high-speed air-force operation designed to snatch out of Germany all Nazi war scientists before our Allies—Russian, British, or French—could get to them.

Two days earlier, at air-force headquarters, a hulking, hard-faced colonel had handed me the orders and led me to a map in a briefing room. "You see that black line?" he said. "That's where we've stabilized with the Russians, for the time being. We're supposed to turn a large area over to the Russians about July 1—as far as this red line. We're going to grab out of that zone—secretly, of course—all the German war scientists we can find before the Russians take over. At the same time we're rounding up scientists in the western zones. They'll all be taken to the United States and will work for us there, and I might as well tell you that we have promised some of them citizenship. But you're not to talk about that if you can avoid it." "You look a little worried, Lieutenant," he had added. "If it's the morality of it, forget it. The Russians are doing the same thing in their own areas. We have to be practical about it."

At noon two days later my truck roared into the town of Bad Kissingen in the northern part of Bavaria. I reported at once to Colonel Eric Warburg, a gray, handsome, brusque man.

"Sit down, Lieutenant," he said "and listen closely, because I want you out on the road within the hour.

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Here's a list of names and addresses. Do your best to bring these men in; tell them they'll go to the United States to work. If you hear of anybody else who seems to be valuable, try to bring him along. Families come, too, and some of the belongings. Incidentally, don't worry about their politics. We'll look into that when we get them back here."

An hour later my driver and I were spinning eastward along the gleaming concrete of the *Autobahn* toward Zwickau, a city barely a mile from the Red Army's position.

Toward late afternoon I decided the mission was ill-starred. In several towns one address after another proved to be a shambles; the list had been compiled by Air Intelligence long ago, and much had happened since. We rolled into Dessau at 6:30 a.m., haggard and weary. There we were cheered to find, on a quiet residential street, the house of the Zindels intact: Zindel was a topnotch designer of Junkers aircraft who had been removed by some of Warburg's other officers a week before. I pounded on the door. After a while an upper-story window went up and a gray head was poked out.

"Frau Zindel?" I called up. *"Ja, ja."* "Come down, please. We must speak with you." Almost immediately she was downstairs, letting us in. "But what is wrong?" she wanted to know.

I told her that her husband, now in Bad Kissingen, had decided to accept the American offer and work for us. We had to get her out this very morning, to join him. She could not understand what the rush was. Why so early in the morning?

Had she not heard? I asked. The Russians were to take over Dessau and all the country clear up to Meiningen, in just a few days.

Frau Zindel wrung her hands. "The Russians?" she said. "The Russians—in Dessau?"

"Yes. In a few days; perhaps even today." (I was lying.) "So pack your things, please—"

"Lieber Gott, lieber Gott!" She fluttered off, murmuring apologies, and threw herself into the business of packing. Frau Zindel was my first capture and I felt rather ridiculous.

A few hours later we reached Gotha, a city where many gliders and power gliders had been built. Here, on a side street, I found the house of Dr. Werner Ditzen (as I shall have to call him). He opened the door himself, a young slender man with black, brush-cut hair. Beyond was the pale face of his blond young wife, staring in fright at my uniform.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"Nothing much," I said. "I understand that you are a designer at the Gotha works. What do you do there?"

"Ach, nothing now. All is closed down since the last few weeks. But I am a specialist in wing design for slow-speed aircraft. I am a doctor of science from Berlin."

After some further questions I sounded him out about coming to the American zone and then to the United States. He liked the idea but wanted to be assured that his family could come with him. He also wanted to know about money, but I had no information on this score. In any event, he told me, he couldn't possibly clear up his affairs for a month or two. This was the time to play my ace. "The Russians," I said, "will take over Gotha in a few days."

An hour and a half later Ditzen, his wife Marianna, and their two small children were loaded into the truck next to Frau Zindel, and off we went. I felt better; I was bringing home something after all. And before I returned to Bad Kissingen that night I had added three more people to my collection—a young woman chemist, a professor of ballistics, and the wife of another aeronautical engineer previously corralled. I delivered the truckload to the pool which had been set up for German scientific personnel, a medium-sized hotel called the Wittelsbacher Hof. Here the Germans were received by two American officers and the German manager of the hotel and given rooms.

Such was Project Lusty. For several weeks half a dozen air-force officers raced around Germany on errands of this sort.

WHILE resting up for several days between trips one time, I fell into conversation with an intense young lieutenant whom I recall only by his nickname, Ding. He had been in Bad Kissingen several weeks longer than I and seemed to know a good bit about things. Over a cup of coffee he answered my questions.

"Quite a while ago," he said, "there was a combined Technical Intelligence of the Western Allies. But after the collapse we set up an Air Tech Intelligence of our own. The others have their own projects, too. We got off to a start right after V-E Day. The original plan was just to locate scientists who worked on war industries and find out what they knew. Pretty soon we started this Russian-zone grab. And by the way, we've swiped some from the British and French zones; the Russians aren't the only people we don't trust, it seems. For that matter we're even stealing them from ourselves. The competition is fierce. The navy has almost two hundred people grubbing around the country under a certain Commodore Schade. They've already picked up a number of people *we* wanted. Ordnance, too. They have a big crew that's found von Braun and most of his staff. He's the guy who developed the V-2 bomb."

"Maybe this whole thing is necessary," he added, glowering. "I don't know. But how much poison can you swallow, thinking you may be doing yourself good?"

Later, in the interrogation office, I sat around for a

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while with a first lieutenant who had had the job of questioning the German scientists. I shall call him Koenig. About 20 per cent of them, he told me, admitted membership in the Nazi Party; a few even admitted having belonged to the head-cracking, book-burning *Sturm Abteilung*, the storm troopers. "But," he added quickly, "they're probably not all telling the truth, because they have a pretty good idea that we can't check on most of them. Anyhow, the worst ones aren't always the most active party people. Why don't you sit in on a few interrogations and see?"

In a little while there was a knock at the door. "*Herein!*" shouted Koenig. A tall, skinny, nervous-looking man entered and said his name was Singer. Under Koenig's questions he revealed that he was a chemist from a plant near Leipzig; he knew something about aircraft fuels for jet engines. It was fairly clear that he was nobody important; but he went to some pains to assure us that he had always admired Americans and their grasp of technical matters, and was anxious to continue his research for the United States.

Koenig looked down at the papers before him. Herr Singer had been in the party since 1933, according to his own sworn statement, *nicht wahr?* Herr Singer pulled fiercely at his ear lobe. Yes, yes, he wanted to conceal nothing. He *had* joined the party in 1933. After all, he had been only twenty-two years old then. A wild young man—so many people are radical when they are young, isn't that so? He hadn't understood much about it then, but, to be quite honest, he had thought there was much good in the Hitler program, It had started industry going again, and it had built the *Autobahns*—.

Koenig interrupted. Surely, Herr Singer, even at twenty-two, you could understand that Hitler's attitude toward the Jews was the worst barbarism, and that his cry for *Lebensraum* was bound to mean war?

Ach, no. War had not been necessary. If Hitler had only been satisfied with Czechoslovakia, but the little Germans, like Singer himself, how could they know Hitler would want more and more and still more? As for the Jews, Hitler never should have done away with them. That was his worst mistake. It turned the world against him. True, the attitude of many Jews was wrong —profiteering, money-making—but they had been beneficial to Germany, after all. They stimulated trade. No. Hitler was very wrong to treat them as he did. And the concentration camps—who had ever heard of them? A few were spoken of, yes—Dachau mostly, Belsen later. But these were mainly for political criminals, they had thought. Who could have dreamed that the S. S. was secretly exterminating people? And was it really true, anyhow? Wasn't it, Herr Leutnant, perhaps somewhat exaggerated for propaganda value?

After a while Koenig rose, and Herr Singer left with bows and many assurances of his availability.

A few of the men I listened to that day and the next were more palatable. They admitted their political attitudes, they offered reasons rather than apologies, and they showed less of the deeply ingrained Nazi thought patterns. Werner Ditzen—my first important acquisition, back in Gotha—turned out to be a rather charming man. He had a keen, swift mind, and although only thirty-one years old he was apparently an expert in the field of glider and light-plane design. Several American scientists who were flown to Germany soon afterward to appraise our captures singled Ditzen out as worthy of special attention.

IF HE had not joined the party in 1939, Ditzen said, he would have been dropped from the university just as he was about to obtain his doctor's degree. He had letters to prove that he had joined under this pressure. But then he candidly admitted having been for Hitler back in 1932. "It looked like either communism or Hitler in those days," he said. "I preferred Hitler."

On other key points Ditzen seemed almost clean compared to others I had heard. He was, in fact, indignant that not all the people in the hotel were as honest about themselves as he was. Ditzen looked directly and steadily at us while answering questions. I suppose it proved nothing, but it made him more sympathetic. The interrogation wandered from the strict pattern after a while, and we found that he was a lover of good music. I decided I rather liked him.

Later I dropped around to his room to ask him about the condition of the roads in the Harz Mountains, where I was about to take a trip. He was lying on the bed with one three-year-old and one five-year-old shrieking and bouncing on his stomach. His young wife whisked them off, and he helped me route my trip. Afterward he asked me if I could drop off a letter for him in a little town on the way—a letter I was free to read, of course. It was addressed to an uncle of his, a farmer, who would give me several hundred pounds of beet sugar to bring back; it would be of tremendous barter value to the Ditzens, who had a scanty supply of clothing. In due course I executed the errand and according to Ditzen's wife was probably responsible for keeping their children from getting pneumonia.

Information Ditzen had given Koenig about scientists who were S. A. members was entered in the files, but nothing happened. There were no directives about eliminating political undesirables, and the several junior officers running the hotel had to use their own judgment. (The only directive ever to reach Bad Kissingen was a remark made by a colonel in St. Germain. "If they're anti-Nazis and they're small stuff, scientifically, drop them. If they're going to be useful to us but are politically dirty, don't worry about it.")

[*Part II of this article will appear next week.*]

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The Silent Treatment

BY JERRY TALLMER

BEFORE they brought out the first edition of Paul Blanshard's book, "American Freedom and Catholic Power," the men who run the Beacon Press, a Unitarian publishing house in Boston, estimated that it might sell as many as 15,000 copies in its first year. They knew that the average book of non-fiction in this country is bought by only two or three thousand people a year; they knew they might face a hostile or fearful press; they knew that to a certain degree "pressure" would be applied against efforts to advertise, promote, or sell the volume. On the other hand, 162 of 165 Unitarian ministers, privately polled, were in favor of the venture; the publishers could count on the hearty support of readers of *The Nation,* in which portions of the book had originally appeared; and they realized that book and author had already received enormous free publicity, thanks primarily to the censorship activities of school authorities and others. So they ordered a "first run" of 4,000 copies. Before it ever appeared, it had been completely sold out. Now the book has been on the stands—some stands—for twelve weeks; in the first ten weeks 14,000 copies were sold. There have been three additional printings, bringing the total up to 25,000 copies, and a fifth run is planned. The funny part of all this is that everything the Beacon Press people worried about in the beginning has come true—with a vengeance. Rarely if ever in American publishing history has a major piece of writing been received with such—not hostility—but deathly silence.

Let's look at the record on what Lewis Gannett calls "that almost unreviewed book." After a great deal of backing and filling in the offices of the New York *Herald Tribune,* Gannett's own review appeared on May 20, exactly one month after the book's publication. The decision to print it on that date must have been made at the last minute, for below the review, in the space called "Books Out Today," appeared this entry: " 'Father of the Bride,' by Edward Streeter . . . Comment today." Ten days later Gannett put Blanshard's work on his list of the best books of 1949 under the smile-provoking classification of "Politics." There has been, to date, no review of it in the more widely circulated *Herald Tribune* Sunday book-review section.

The good, gray New York *Times,* for its part, has never reviewed the book in its daily edition but did print something resembling a review tucked away in a corner of page 15 of the book-review section of Sunday, May 15. In less than 400 words John W. Chase dismissed Blanshard as a "prejudiced" purveyor of "old wives' tales" who does not realize the "awful consequences" that may stem from his writing. What those consequences might be was not specified. This cursory treatment appeared under the altogether misleading, not to say ludicrous, head of "Expanded Articles."

On another front the *Times* has displayed even greater caution. It has refused to accept any advertising for the Blanshard book, no matter how restrained in style and tone, after allowing the Beacon Press to run an ad in the edition of May 4 which simply listed "American Freedom and Catholic Power," without descriptive comment, along with three other books published by the same firm. When asked to rerun the same ad, the *Times* said, "Not with Blanshard in it." Very well, then, the Beacon Press replied, use the same electrotype but mortise out the type about Blanshard, leaving white space in its place. No, said the *Times,* and that was that.

The only other review to appear in a leading New York newspaper was a four-paragraph job in the *World-Telegram* accusing Blanshard of raising "the specter of bigotry." Oddly enough, however, Robert Minton, the *World-Telegram's* chief book critic, cited "American Freedom and Catholic Power" as one of his ten recommendations for summer reading in the annual critics' round-up in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

So far as is known at this writing, Blanshard has been reviewed in only four other American newspapers of general circulation: the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant,* the *Christian Science Monitor,* the Birmingham (Ala.) *News,* and the Providence (R. I.) *Sunday Journal.* All of these have been favorable reviews, although not to the exclusion of thoughtful criticism where the reviewer felt criticism was due. All have been sober and intelligent, particularly that in the Birmingham newspaper. The most enthusiastic of them, remarkably, is the one that appeared in Providence, a preponderantly Roman Catholic city where any reviewer not blasting Blanshard must be considered courageous indeed. The *Monitor* review ended with these words: "The effects of this book are likely to be historic." But not if the newspapers have anything to do with it.

And the magazines? Well, the book was reviewed, of course, in *The Nation* (May 14), by Norman Thomas—who was subsequently attacked throughout most of a supposed review of Blanshard in the *Register,* a Roman Catholic journal. It was warmly received by many Protestant and Jewish magazines and newsletters. It has appeared on the summer reading list of *Newsweek,* but not in that publication's review columns. It is going to be

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reviewed by Richard H. Rovere in *Harper's*—three months, at least, after publication. It is also presumably going to be reviewed some day in the *New Yorker.* While gathering these facts last week, I called the *New Yorker* and was told by a young lady, after some minutes, that a review copy of the book had never been received there. I checked this with the promotion manager at the Beacon Press. "Preposterous," he said; "well, I'll see that another copy goes off to them tonight." Next day I called the *New Yorker* again. "Oh, yes," said the same young lady abruptly. "The book has arrived. We're sending it out for review."

The *Saturday Review of Literature* is also going to comment on the book—some day soon. First they ordered a review by Horace Kallen, and the Beacon Press was advised of its scheduled publication date. It came in, was found to be at least mildly "pro," and an editorial conference was held. A "con" review was requested from William S. Lynch, a liberal Roman Catholic superintendent of schools in Fall River, Massachusetts. It has now been received, but the Kallen review has gone back to its author for revisions. When it returns, both reviews will appear concurrently. Not a bad idea—but the *Saturday Review,* which prides itself on coverage and timeliness, has not in this instance lived up to its reputation.

As for *Time,* the staffers in "Books" and "Religion" have read the book and discussed it. At the moment, a representative informed me last week, no review is contemplated. (*Time* did run several items on Blanshard's articles in *The Nation* and their repercussions.) Finally, I come to our contemporary, the *New Republic.* Robert Hatch, literary editor there, says that he has "had difficulty finding someone to do a review," but that the *New Republic* will certainly carry a review—soon.

That's the record, except for Blanshard's treatment in the Roman Catholic press, which has been of course voluminous. That press at least recognized the book's importance. Still, the sales mount. On June 26 the book made the non-fiction best-seller list of the Sunday *Times.* This may have been an error. When I called the *Times* to ascertain the exact date the title appeared, I was told by somebody in the morgue that it had not appeared on the list at all. But you can look it up.

Science, Politics, and Hunger

BY SIR JOHN BOYD ORR

EVERY advance in science which gives increased power over the forces of nature and every new dynamic idea which conflicts with generally accepted ideas brings about changes in the structure of human society. The discovery that seeds could be sown to reap a harvest led to settled communities which were the beginning of civilization. The use of gunpowder in war ended the feudal system in Europe. The invention of the steam engine led to the mechanical revolution with all its economic and social consequences. Equally important changes follow the birth and spread of new ideas. The Renaissance, with the invention of printing, spread the revolutionary idea of the dignity of the individual and thus brought about the downfall of medieval despotisms and the rise of the democratic system of government in Western Europe and America.

When the structure of society is so rigid that it cannot adjust itself to new powers and new ideas, it breaks, and we have social unrest, violence, and revolution. It needed a civil war in England to convince the upper classes that the rights of kings were no more divine than those of the common man. It needed the Revolution in France to convince a hereditary aristocracy that the day of its despotic power was past. It needed the Bolshevik revolution to convince the ruling powers in Russia that their medieval system of government was ended.

In the last forty years science and technology have advanced more than in the previous two thousand years. Mankind has acquired greater powers than were attributed to the gods of the ancient world. Jove's thunderbolt has been outclassed by the atomic bomb. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, was a slowcoach compared with the wireless. Equally important are the advances which enable goods to be produced in abundance and many diseases to be eliminated. Simultaneously with the development of these new powers dynamic ideas about the rights of man have spread among races which had long meekly accepted their inferior position. These people are beginning to realize that their poverty is not due to the niggardliness of nature or the dispensation of heaven. They are demanding equality with the white race.

The future depends on whether the structure of society can be adjusted quickly enough to enable these new powers to be applied to constructive ends. There are two main factors in the problem. The first is the physical unity of the world brought about by the aeroplane and the wireless. Nations have suddenly been thrown into such close contact with each other that they must cooperate to use these new powers for their mutual benefit

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or allow them to break loose in a third world war. The other is the rapid advance in technology which makes it possible for more and more goods to be produced with less and less labor. With an ever-accelerating increase in productive capacity there is danger of the economic system entering again on the vicious circle of accumulation of unmarketable goods, unemployment with decreasing purchasing power, more unmarketable goods, and so on, which means finally an economic crisis worse than that of 1929. That is what the Communists hope for, since it will help them to substitute their policy of adjusting production to human needs in the interest of the people for the nineteenth-century policy of adjusting production to economic demand in the interest of those who control the industries. Getting full employment by diverting industry to the manufacture of armaments, as was done first by Germany and later by other countries in the late 1930's, is merely a short cut to the abyss of war.

Modern science has apparently forced mankind into a position in which survival depends on the cooperation of nations in establishing and enforcing international law, so that they will be safeguarded against aggression and relieved of the crushing burden of armaments. That is the political solution. But no political structure is safe unless it rests on a stable economic foundation. The nations must also collaborate in developing the wealth of the earth. There must be cooperation between countries with undeveloped resources and countries which can supply the industrial products needed for their development. The United Nations, with its Assembly and Security Council for political issues and its specialized agencies for economic and social development, provides the instrument by which the new and better world of peace and prosperity can be built. If the U. N. is not functioning as efficiently as was hoped, one reason is that too much attention has been given to politics and too little to economics.

A WORLD community of nations must evolve by the development of common interests. To this end the writer, when director general of the U. N. Food and Agriculture Organization, submitted to member governments "Proposals for a World Food Board" on which the F. A. O., the U. N. Economic and Social Council, the World Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and any other U. N. agency concerned would be represented. The duties of this World Food Board would be (1) to promote agriculture, forestry, and fisheries throughout the world, and on request to assist governments in doing so, in order that the physical needs of the people of all countries might be met; (2) to build up a world reserve of food for evening out good and bad harvests; (3) by making use of this reserve and by other means to stabilize prices in the international market at levels fair to producers and consumers. Such a global food plan would have given ample scope for all the powers of modern science to be applied to constructive ends. The great expansion of agriculture called for in the proposals would have created a demand for vast quantities of agricultural equipment and other industrial products for irrigation, flood control, measures to stop soil erosion. This would have brought about the rapidly expanding world economy needed to provide full employment in all countries.

The proposals were approved at first by the United States and then in principle by all the other member nations of the F. A. O., but when a commission of eighteen countries met to work out the plan in greater detail, the U. S. S. R., one of the members of the commission, refused to cooperate. The United Kingdom, probably hoping for a slump in world food prices, had no enthusiasm for the plan, and the United States changed its mind and was not prepared to give either funds or authority to an international organization over which the governments concerned had no adequate control. In spite of these setbacks, the commission, after a three-month study, reported that the objectives of the suggested board must be attained but that since the U. S. S. R., the United States, and Great Britain were unwilling to delegate even such a small amount of their absolute national sovereignty to an international organization, the best that could be done was to set up the F. A. O. Council. Properly known as the World Food Council, this seeks to persuade governments to do what the board would have done by independent action in the international field if it had been granted the necessary funds and authority.

The failure to establish a World Food Board with the required powers illustrates the stark fact that the great powers are not yet ready to sink their political differences and begin the evolution of a world government. The rapidly increasing population of the world, together with the decreasing productivity of the soil, makes world famine as great a threat to our civilization as the atomic bomb. If nations will not cooperate to avert this danger, there is little hope for world government by consent in the immediate future.

Must we, then, give up hope that the new forces of science can be diverted from destructive to constructive ends? By no means. The specialized agencies of the United Nations are functioning as well as could be expected under present conditions. The F. A. O. is publishing its statistical studies showing what the world's food problems are and indicating how they can be solved. It has set up regional offices through which neighboring governments can help each other solve the special problems of the region. It sends technical experts to aid backward countries to formulate and carry out plans of development. The World Food Council uses every means to get governments to carry out its recom-

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mendations. Other specialized agencies are also functioning and within their limited scope have achieved results. Given time, they will get the powers they need, and they may be the embryos of Ministries of Agriculture, Health, Finance, and so on in a world government.

All of us want a future in which our children will enjoy peace and plenty. But we must work for it. This is no time to be shivering with apprehension before the threat of another war. Let there be less talk of war and more talk of the new and better world which science has brought within our reach.

Mechanical Brain Era

BY DAN GILLMOR

LITTLE would we suspect, were it not for Louis N. Ridenour, dean of the Graduate College, University of Illinois, that we are standing on the threshold of the Second Industrial Revolution. In an article in the May issue of *Fortune* Dr. Ridenour explained the significance of "mechanical brains" or "automatic digital computers." Heretofore, he said, we have had to control machines by the regrettable device of "inserting a man" —in a steam shovel, for instance. Thanks to the new electronic super-gadgets, this era, the Era of Inserted Man, is about to end. The automatic digital computers will take over.

The a. d. c.'s can do arithmetic a thousand times faster than men. They can remember what answer they got, compare it with the answer to another calculation, decide what to do next, do it, and type out their conclusions on a "suitably modified teletypewriter." They have only two drawbacks, says Dr. Ridenour. The more complex they become, the more likely they are to make mistakes. Engineers try to get around this by wiring them so that whenever any little thing goes wrong, the whole machine goes crazy, thus warning its human masters that there is a bat in the electronic belfry. Human brains behave differently: "If a part fails [in the human brain]," says the Dean, "every effort is made to conceal the fault. . . ." As electronic brains become more complicated, engineers will probably have to rig them so that they will not rationalize their neuroses.

The second problem is apparently to get rid of that teletypewriter on which the operator still must tell the machine what to do and vice versa. When that happens, we shall have "progressed far enough to complete the control organization of the machine—its sense organs and nervous system. . . . While the First Industrial Revolution involved substitution of machinery for man's musculature, the second will replace by inanimate devices man's senses, nervous system, and brain. . . . Though certain men at certain times perform superlatively in controlling machines, the over-all performance of a satisfactory automatic-control system is likely to be preferable, since a machine cannot be frightened, distracted, bored, or unionized as readily as a human operator can."

The Illinois savant has not overlooked even more desirable attributes of the a. d. c.: it doesn't eat, sleep, switch to Calvert's, or, best of all, get wages. "The present activities of certain labor organizations," the Dean says, "seem calculated to encourage the trend [toward replacement of men by the new machines] as rapidly as our technology permits. . . . Rising wages put a premium on high productivity per worker and thus on fewer workers. Any acts of capricious irresponsibility or malicious obstructionism on the part of labor unions . . . put a premium on as complete an elimination of the human worker as possible." In parentheses Dr. Ridenour remarks, "And some union activities must have this aspect to employers."

Strikes, contract negotiations, and demands for higher wages and shorter hours do indeed "have this aspect to employers." But such acts of malicious obstructionism are soon to become part of the bygone era of the First Industrial Revolution. Nothing would seem to stand in the way of "productivity per worker" reaching a numerical value of infinity. Of course a few obstructionist workers may resist such a trend, since it will eventually put them out of work. The C. I. O. may even form an Automatic Digital Computers' Organizing Committee. The capricious fellows may vote an assessment to buy an a. d. c. themselves. For a while second-order differential equations will pour out of the C. I. O. a. d. c., as Mr. Murray and his colleagues try frantically to find a solution for the rapidly spreading obsolescence of the human brain. But the N. A. M., well in the lead with a new super-a. d. c. produced by International Business Machines, will blandly reply with a third-order equation. Hearst headlines will thunder:

"C. I. O. $= 1 + \sqrt{\frac{cp^2}{x}} - 4 + \frac{evd}{y}$, Taft declares."

The Automatic Computer Subcommittee of the Un-American Activities Committee will bare a plot, hatched by Soviet agents trained on red a. d. c.'s, to wire subversive circuits into the United States Steel master-control a. d. c. Witnesses will be asked, "Are you or have you ever been $R + \sqrt{\frac{un}{ussr}} + \sqrt[s]{(jvs)\,(xy)\,12}$?"

The employers, who pioneered in a. d. c.'s, will be one jump ahead all the time; and finally peace will settle over the land, with the Second Industrial Revolution predicted by Dr. Ridenour in full swing. Mankind will have achieved that perfect society in which there are only employers and eagerly cooperating a. d. c.'s.

DAN GILLMOR is a feature writer on the New York Compass.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Essays and Asides

ON NOT BEING A BEST-SELLER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

YEARS ago I sat next to the editor of an exceptionally highbrow monthly who boasted that she—for it was a she—had "succeeded in whittling our circulation away until now we reach only those who are genuinely interested in aesthetics." Not long afterward the magazine ceased publication entirely, and that, I suppose, was the crowning testimony to her achievement.

It is not often that certain problems and paradoxes connected with literary popularity are presented in quite so dramatic a form, but those of us who are either "worst sellers" or at least not "best" are troubled by them a good deal. I have always envied writers who profess to consider their failure to find many readers a source of satisfaction, but I have not been able to follow them. A writer ought to be—and really of course he always is—pleased to win the largest number of readers he can get. Obviously I do not mean that he should be willing to "write down" or even that he should be willing to write "for" popularity. But when one has done one's best and done it sincerely, when one has come as close as one can to saying exactly what one wants to say, it is nonsense not to hope that many will find it worth while.

Thoreau, meditating on an unsuccessful speaking tour, tried to take the opposite attitude. "What business is it of these lecture audiences what I think?" But that is a *reductio ad absurdum,* and Thoreau himself would not have talked such amusing nonsense if the lectures had been successful. One does not speak in public and one does not "publish" unless one desires an audience. Private meditations should be private. Milton spoke of "fit audience though few," but his surprise would have been pleasant had he discovered that the few were more numerous than he expected. And in the long run, of course, they have turned out to be very numerous indeed. Even to write for posterity is to hope for a large future public, and the only escape from an ultimate trust in it is the willingness to write, as Lamb said he did, "for antiquity."

Mere fashion may be, as Oscar Wilde said, "a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to change it every six months." It is thus that we deal with certain favorite writers, a great many of whom are obviously more popular than they ought to be or will be for long. But for the most part even time winnows out more often than it reverses. Despite such exceptions as a Robert Herrick who seems to have been almost unknown in the seventeenth century, or a Thoreau whose contemporary reputation was not impressive, enduring writers have much more often than not at least got a good deal of attention from readers of their own time. Those of us who find most of our contemporaries indifferent but who hope for future recognition are playing a long shot, since at least a considerable measure of appreciation during a writer's lifetime always makes future fame more likely.

The very best sellers at any given moment are most assuredly not always, or even usually, the very best books. Yet if the works of Harold Bell Wright and the work of Kathleen Winsor were sensationally successful, so apparently were the works of Homer and of Shakespeare. And so too, very probably, were most of those books of the twentieth century that are likely to last.

How can the public be so right and so wrong? How can it be always right in the long run and at least very unreliable in the short? How can folly grow wise while continuing to repeat its old follies? I can only say that it seems to do so and that the fact resolves not only the paradox of literary reputation but also the grander paradox upon which faith in democracy depends—the paradox, I mean, of the mob which is so fickle and so foolish but which, nevertheless, becomes in time the people who—so we hope at any rate—are always right.

At least I have never been able to understand why an age which boasts its faith in "democratic principles," why, indeed, many of those writers who proclaim, especially in verse, their faith in "the people," should so often be exalters of the esoteric in literature and thus attribute to "the people" a strange combination of political wisdom and aesthetic imbecility. Is truth somehow easier to see than beauty? Curiously enough, it was, on the other hand, the writers of the eighteenth century, the very writers who often spoke so contemptuously of "the mob," who most clearly defined "the classic" as that which makes a wide and enduring appeal. Alexander Pope, instead of exalting the slim volume of neglected verse, hailed the "bards triumphant" who are "heirs of universal praise." And it was Samuel Johnson, the Tory, who proclaimed that "where the public has thought long on a subject, it has generally thought right."

Of course the "thought long" is essential. It is the long thinking which weeds out the merely fashionable, and no doubt the chief trouble with best-seller lists is that they cover too short a period. Over any decade even dozens of classics will outsell most so-called best-sellers. What, indeed, is a classic except a permanent best-seller? The fact remains, however, that a discouragingly large number of those classics were at least pretty good sellers in their own day.

Byron waked up one morning to find himself famous. On that same morning nothing much was happening to William Wordsworth, who is now, I imagine, a better seller than Byron. But even Wordsworth, one of those writers about whom the public needed to think long, did live to find himself famous at last, and those darling examples of neglect, Shelley and Keats, would have found themselves famous, too, had they not been cut off very young. Usually, I

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am afraid, one does not become immortal unless one has also had some life in time.

[*Next week: Notes on an English Journey, by Margaret Marshall.*]

Formalist Criticism

THEORY OF LITERATURE. By René Wellek and Austin Warren. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

THIS book is a serious and impressive statement of a theory of literature which for lack of a better label may be called formalist. As such it is of considerable value, codifying the views of a major contemporary critical tendency. In its organization, however, it suffers from a certain confusion of direction. Though disavowing any intention to produce a textbook, the authors have written about a third of their work as a textbook précis. Their chapters on bibliographical methods, literary genres, and such matters as euphony, metaphor, and meter offer useful information but are hardly integrated into their theoretical structure. No one, for example, is likely to dispute their remarks on meter in such a way as to challenge their central thesis; whatever dispute those remarks may provoke could take place within the frame of their theory or at least without necessarily jeopardizing it. A good part of the book, an academic excursion into rhetoric, prosody, and critical terminology, is not essential to its purpose.

Next Week in The Nation

Summer Book Number

NOTES ON AN ENGLISH JOURNEY
By Margaret Marshall

REVIEWS

"Lead, Kindly Light. Gandhi and the Way to Peace." By Vincent Sheean
Reviewed by W. Norman Brown

"Complete Poems of Robert Frost"
Reviewed by Rolfe Humphries

"The High Cost of Vengeance"
By Freda Utley

"Last Call for Common Sense"
By James P. Warburg
Reviewed by Reinhold Niebuhr

"The Pilgrimage of Western Man"
By Stringfellow Barr
Reviewed by Golo Mann

FILMS *by Manny Farber*
MUSIC *by B. H. Haggin*

While there are numerous divergences among the formalist critics, all accept one unifying assumption—"a hostility to, or neglect of, the 'historical method' " (Allen Tate). Wellek and Warren argue, at some length, that history—or biography, psychology, and ideology—can be methodically eliminated from literary criticism or reduced to minor significance in it. The approaches they reject they call the "extrinsic approaches," while the one they favor is the "intrinsic approach." But isn't this already stacking the cards? If one believes that an understanding of the historical context or psychological patterns or ideational affinities of a work of literature is essential to the act of criticizing it—not, be it noted, equivalent to it—it is only because such an understanding seems an aid to penetrating the work, that is, to practicing "intrinsic" criticism. No historical critic with a speck of intelligence is content to remain forever "outside" the work; the problem is how to get into it.

As one reads the sharp polemics of Wellek and Warren against "extrinsic" approaches, one wonders what will be left once they have stripped away these dimensions of external reference. Presumably the work of literature itself, an imaginative structure to be evaluated in literary terms. Granted that one must finally judge the work by how well it fulfils its literary function; but since literature is based on language, in which there are unavoidable references to possible events in experience, can the meaning of the work be apprehended without some implicit and, one hopes, subtle use of such experiential disciplines as psychology, morality, history? And if, as Wellek and Warren insist, the parts of a work must always be seen as integrated elements of the whole, how can a work of literature, itself eventually a refracted version of human experience, be understood without a constant shuttling from the work to the raw data of experience to theoretical structures about experience and *back again*, with a heavier critical load, to the work itself? To use our authors' metaphor, must not one sometimes get "out" of a work of literature the better to get "into" it?

The claim of the historical critic that his approach is simply necessary for a full apprehension of a work of literature is modest enough, relegating history to an ancillary role, and hardly worth pressing were it not so consistently denied—or such his claim would be if there were a serious historical critic to be found these days. Of course, there is always the danger that the historical critic will reduce a work of literature to an abstract schema, and that has been done often enough; but such a reduction can be the consequence of *any* method. It depends on that all-important factor that seems to get lost in the formalist approach—the critic's individual sensibility and talent. For the genetic fallacy beckons all kinds of critics. To withdraw a work of literature from historical context can also be a kind of reduction, in that the number of its possible dimensions of meaning are thereby decreased. To abstract a work into vague, portentous moral categories —Good and Evil—can be as much of a reduction as to abstract it into Freudian and Marxian categories, perhaps more so, since the Freudian and Marxian categories are comparatively specific and available while the moral ones are often fuzzy and home-made.

It is curious that the criteria offered for literary judgment by Wellek and Warren—for example, complexity and coherence—are themselves derived from such non-literary domains as psychology, history, and logic, and are heavily weighted with value associations taken over from those domains. Is there, in fact, any evaluative term not so weighted, and must not any attempt to find purely "intrinsic" evaluative terms bog down in barren descriptives? Wellek and Warren question Eliot's evaluative term "maturity," but in critical practice can one do without it or some equivalent?

Within the bounds of their approach Wellek and Warren are sober and cogent critics. They avoid such extreme notions as Tate's view that poetry is a distinct kind of truth or form of knowledge "equal to the knowledge of the sciences, perhaps superior." (Do the words "equal" and "superior" mean anything here other than that Tate prefers poetry to science?) A work of literature, being a unique object, cannot be said to be a statement of truth or falsity; it merely *is*. But is literature in some sense "true"? Wellek and Warren correctly say that statements of truth can be made about or found in literature.

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Perhaps, too, one can mean, when one says that literature is "true," that one finds that it yields insights which can be related to true propositions.

But if, as Tate claims, a work of literature is itself a "presentational" form of truth, its meaning is directly and "intrinsically" ascertainable. If, as Wellek and Warren say, statements of truth can be made about or found in the work, then its meaning cannot be ascertained without experiential referrants. In that case, are not Wellek and Warren offering hidden comfort to the "extrinsic" approaches?

These remarks merely scratch a few of the points raised by this book; I hope they suggest how stimulating it can be for anyone interested in criticism. I would only add that it seems a pity that there is not an equally competent work of critical theory written from the historical point of view by a living American. Our literary scene would be both healthier and livelier if there were a competent opposition to the views Wellek and Warren represent.

IRVING HOWE

Paradise Revised

ANATOMY OF PARADISE: HAWAII AND THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By J. C. Furnas. William Sloane Associates. $5.

HAWAII: A CENTURY OF ECONOMIC CHANGE. By Theodore Morgan. Harvard University Press. $4.

HAWAII: A HISTORY. By Ralph S. Kuykendall and A. Grove Day. Prentice-Hall. $3.

THOSE readers whose memories run back to the early 1920's may recall how fantastically popular the South Seas books of Frederick O'Brien then were. The lazy charm of the life O'Brien described somehow fitted the disposition to escape from the harsh realities of a post-war world—the books appeared in 1919, 1921, and 1922. Actually, of course, O'Brien was merely the contemporary exponent of an established South Seas tradition, a tradition which is not yet dead and will not die until romance ceases to seek an earthly home. Yet even in those days there were nasty realists about who were prepared to point out the flies in O'Brien's paradise and to hint that reality and romance were a shocking distance apart. But the point was that most of O'Brien's readers entertained little expectation of ever seeing the islands, and it was small part of their purpose to correct a pleasant dream by reference to any reports of "the facts." They preferred the airy insubstantialities of the established romantic stereotypes.

Those stereotypes were more or less vividly present in the minds of thousands of men who found themselves in the islands during World War II. Barring a minority, most of whom have yet to speak up—John Lee Zimmerman who wrote about the Maori in 1946 may yet prove to have led off the minority report, and James Michener made significant indirect obeisance to the old mythology by exploiting the alleged beauty of the French-Indochinese types of New Caledonia—the verdict on the islands was hostile. Reality did not square with romantic report. The bugs and flies were terrible, the heat appalling, and the girls wore more clothes and had far less in the way of looks than sensitive American boys could bear.

Now J. C. Furnas has come along with a huge book on the islands which will bring if not sudden death at least lingering euthanasia to the ancient myths if they still survive. Mr. Furnas has been studying the islands for a dozen years or so, before, during, and after the war. He has taken as his guides, philosophers, and friends the ethnologists who have tried to see the islands and islanders plain, not the romantics whose work he scornfully dissects in a separate chapter. Not as systematically as he should have Mr. Furnas tries to recover what the islands probably were like before the explorers got among them in the late eighteenth century, to tell what they became as white adventurers and missionaries took up residence, and then to speculate fragmentarily on what is to be done to preserve the islands for the islanders without setting up ethnological museums. Mostly he writes with good sound sense. True, he likes to worry a juicy bone now and again, as when he writes at length—and to my taste hilariously—about cannibalism, and when he deals with sex life in its fancier deviations from the conventional. In general, he brilliantly supplements, though far from displaces, Keesing's basic handbook "The South Seas in the Modern World." The illustrations, while intrinsically interesting, are not on a par with those to be found in Hogbin's "Peoples of the Southwest Pacific." At no point—the plan of the book does not allow it—does he achieve the fascinating intimacy with life among the modern natives of Beaglehole that "Islands of Danger" does. The point is that "Anatomy of Paradise" must be read along with many other books to get the whole picture—but it must be read.

Furnas's general verdict is that most of the harm was done in the islands in the early days, when ignorance and greed, both lay and clerical, ruthlessly smashed the delicate web of island society as it had developed during centuries of isolation. Since he is not a protector of aborigines in any sense, he does not think it would have been better if the islands had not been invaded, but that it would have been a less destructive invasion if it had come about when mankind knew something about ethnology. As he sees it, the problem today is how to ease the surviving natives into a comfortable and economically profitable and stable relationship with Western society. He is an "the islands for the islanders" man only in the sense that he believes that the islanders can live a better life in the islands than ever Western men can. For the latter most of the islands can never be much more than a somewhat uncom-

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fortable frontier, but for the natives they are home. Mr. Furnas appears to have great hopes for what the South Pacific Commission can do if it sees the problem in the proper light and acts wisely. He will, I am sure, take appropriate satisfaction in the fact that the first Secretary General of the commission is the Australian, W. D. Forsyth, who is the author of the disenchanting book "The Myth of the Open Spaces."

Oddly enough, Mr. Furnas, who prides himself on his tough-mindedness, comes in the end to a conclusion which, while probably in harmony with what the commission will recommend, is definitely tender-minded when contrasted with what the tough-minded boys, for whom the Pacific Islands *Monthly* is spokesman, manage to believe. The *Monthly* carries the ball for the plantation owners and traders of the "no nonsense" school, whose principal criterion of progress is the rate of profit to be had from their activities. They look forward to more Hawaiis, not to some vague compromise under which the interests of the natives are conserved at the expense of Western enterprise. The Morgan and Kuykendall-Day books, which are, it seems to me, basically celebrations of the speed and skill with which the Hawaiian Islands were absorbed into the Western economy, or its American manifestation, will please them more than Furnas.

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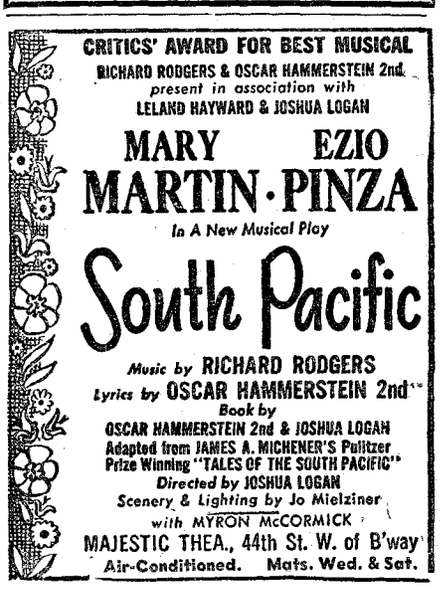
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That is not to say they are bad books. On the contrary, they are good and useful volumes. But, deliberately or by inadvertence, the authors shed few tears —even crocodile tears—over the fate of the Hawaiian natives. The story they tell is of the total or nearly total displacement of the Polynesian feudalists by American capitalist democrats. Mr. Morgan's narrative—an economic history, 1778-1876—is especially to be commended as a neat and tidy job. The Kuykendall-Day book is more loosely and popularly written and covers the whole story of Hawaii from 1788 to 1947 and the bid for statehood. What the three men lay down as the basic pattern of Hawaiian development parallels, in essence, developments in other island groups, Fiji and New Caledonia for example: first the quick exploitation of readily portable resources like sandalwood, then the mixed but potent impact of the whalers and pioneer traders, and finally the development of a plantation economy or some equivalent "permanent" scheme of exploitation. The Hawaiian story differs from the others in being something of a "success." It can hardly be argued that New Caledonia is a success, and the same skeptical view must be taken of Fiji. The Hawaiian pattern is, moreover, closer to the dream of the Pacific Islands *Monthly* than what Mr. Furnas, and probably the South Pacific Commission, favor. It is out of the struggle between these two opposed conceptions that the South Seas of the future will emerge. On one thing you can bet: whichever conception triumphs there will be no place in the islands for those who are seeking an unalloyed, air-conditioned paradise peopled by lovely, full-breasted brown girls. Sorry, old chap, sorry.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Books in Brief

THIRTEEN WHO FLED. Edited by Louis Fischer. Harper. $3. Thirteen Russian refugees, interviewed in Germany, tell their life-stories and describe the conditions that led to their flight. The narrators include a teacher, a farmer, a worker, an army officer, a student, and a government official. Their stories are impressive and illuminating and are told with a straightforward simplicity that makes them wholly convincing.

A TREASURY OF BROOKLYN. Edited by Mary Ellen and Mark Murphy with Ralph Weld. Sloane. $5. The history and flavor of Brooklyn in fifty-two selections from authors as diverse as Henry Miller and Betty Smith, Edmund Wilson and Laura Jean Libbey.

DEMOCRACY: MAN'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY. THE COMMON CAUSE: COLLECTIVISM, MENACE OR CHALLENGE. By Weldon A. Brown. Virginia Polytechnic Institute Bookstore. Each, $4.50. Two books on the problems of democracy. In the first the author presents the ethical, philosophical, and economic arguments pro and con and analyzes the strength and weakness of democracy as we know it today. In the second he compares the theoretical and practical advantages of democracy as opposed to collectivism. Earnest, honest, and obvious.

UNITED STATES PARTICIPATION IN THE UNITED NATIONS. Department of State, Publication 3437. 55 cents. This 300-page report on United Nations activities during 1948 covers a wide range of subjects and is an excellent antidote for the pessimism of those who fail to realize that frustrations on the higher levels are at least partially offset by real but less publicized accomplishments.

HALFWAY TO FREEDOM. By Margaret Bourke-White. Simon and Schuster. $3.50. A fascinating report on the new India—its birth pangs, its people, its rulers, and its problems. Of particular interest are the interviews with peasants, factory workers, landlords, and industrialists. Highly recommended both for its text and for its many illuminating photographs.

MEN AND MEASURES IN THE LAW. By Arthur T. Vanderbilt. Knopf. $3. A critical and constructive analysis of the increasing complexity of legal problems and procedures, with suggestions for reform.

THE WORLD OF EMMA LAZARUS. By H. E. Jacob. Schocken Books. $3. The biography of a Jewish poetess who

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lived in New York from 1849 to 1887, corresponded with Emerson, and achieved a modest fame as the author of a sonnet on the Statue of Liberty.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER: ADJUSTMENT DURING ARMY LIFE. Volumes I and II. Princeton. $7.50. A record of the attitudes of American soldiers in World War II and of the techniques developed to study these attitudes. Primarily a book for the specialist, but the vast scale of the study and the care devoted to its conclusions give it value for all social scientists.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

THE publication of Saint-Foix's "The Symphonies of Mozart" (Knopf, $3) was one of the big events of the year—even though by the editor of the *Times Book Review* the book was not thought to require more than a reviewer described as "a free-lance writer on music," whose way of dealing with what he was inadequate for was to be very superior to it, and from the height of this superiority to condescend to it and make fun of it and apply to this sustained piece of work by a great scholar some of the ideas from the reviewer's little accumulated stock-in-trade of ignorance and muddle, and so to misjudge what he misunderstood and misrepresented. I'm not saying there aren't things to point out in criticism of the book; but those are things the *Times* reviewer wouldn't know; nor could he appreciate the equipment of knowledge, love, and insight brought to bear on the music, and the illumination achieved by this equipment, that make it a great book. The *Times's* handling of the book was a disgrace to the paper—but neither the first nor the last such disgrace.

As for criticism of the book, Saint-Foix traces Mozart's development as a symphonist by examining every one of his works in that category from K.16 to K.551; and it is only the discussion of what he calls "the final great trilogy" that is documented with some degree of adequacy by passages in music type. The discussion of the "Prague," the "Linz," the "Haffner," and of earlier symphonies from K.338 back to K.200 are not documented in this way; but the works are familiar, they can be listened to on records, and their scores are available for reference. And the discussions of the others before that are similarly undocumented, but with the difference that these works are not performed and not available on records, and their scores can be referred to only in one of the big libraries that has the complete edition of Mozart's works, and then only by the very few persons who can imagine the sound of an unfamiliar Mozart score from reading it, not by those who (as I do) need to play it on a piano. The point is that without the possibility of corroboration through one form or another of direct contact with the music it refers to, most readers (including myself) are not in a position to decide whether what Saint-Foix says about one of those very early symphonies is valid, or to form any idea of the work from it. One can only suspect—without being able to verify the suspicion—that sometimes he attributes to a work the excessive value which a person who saturates himself in a composer's music is likely to find in the composer's least consequential products.

Where Saint-Foix writes of music I know, I am in a position to appreciate his insights, and on occasion to disagree, as I do with his low estimate of the "Paris" Symphony, or with his opinion that in the first version of the G minor "the sharp tang of the original oboes must have tended to heighten the true character of the work": I feel that the melancholy and passion of the work are heightened rather by the timbres of the clarinets in the second version. And I disagree with his basic viewpoint—that "Mozart's writing remains always more instrumental than vocal" and "the spirit of the symphony permeates the great moments of Mozartian opera"—agreeing rather with Dent that "the theater is the sphere in which Mozart is most completely himself; his concert works—concertos, symphonies, quartets, and sonatas—are all fundamentally evocations of the theater." None of these disagreements is important: on Dent's view, for example, no less than on Saint-Foix's it is Mozart's orchestra "that reveals him to us in the infinite and changeable diversity of his inspiration" and "is the permanent witness of all his skill and all the

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variations of his humor"; and it doesn't matter on what view Saint-Foix points out the wonderful details of that orchestra's activity. And altogether, none of the things that may be said in criticism or disagreement make this less than a great book.

Another event of first importance was the publication of the first complete English translation—made by William J. Mitchell—of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's "Essay on the True Art of Playing Keyboard Instruments" (Norton, $6). This son of Johann Sebastian Bach was one of the outstanding performers of his time, and as renowned a teacher; and the influence of his teaching extended far beyond the pupils he had direct contact with to all who studied from his "Versuch über die wahre Art das Clavier zu spielen," which achieved fame and widespread sale as an authoritative instruction book. For someone today the book is even more valuable as a source of information about eighteenth-century performance, since the knowledge is no longer to be absorbed from every-day experience of the living practice.

"The Violet" (Storm, $7.50) offers a collotype reproduction of the original manuscript of Mozart's song "Das Veilchen," which I find very moving, as I do other reproduction of his writing; also a reproduction of the first edition; and also an elaborate musicological discussion of Goethe's poem and its many settings, by Professor Paul Nettl, which I cannot imagine being of interest to anyone but his brother-musicologists.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH'S latest book is "The Twelve Seasons."

IRVING HOWE is coauthor with B. J. Widick of "The U. A. W. and Walter Reuther," to be published in the fall.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Introducing Australia" and "The Deadly Parallel."

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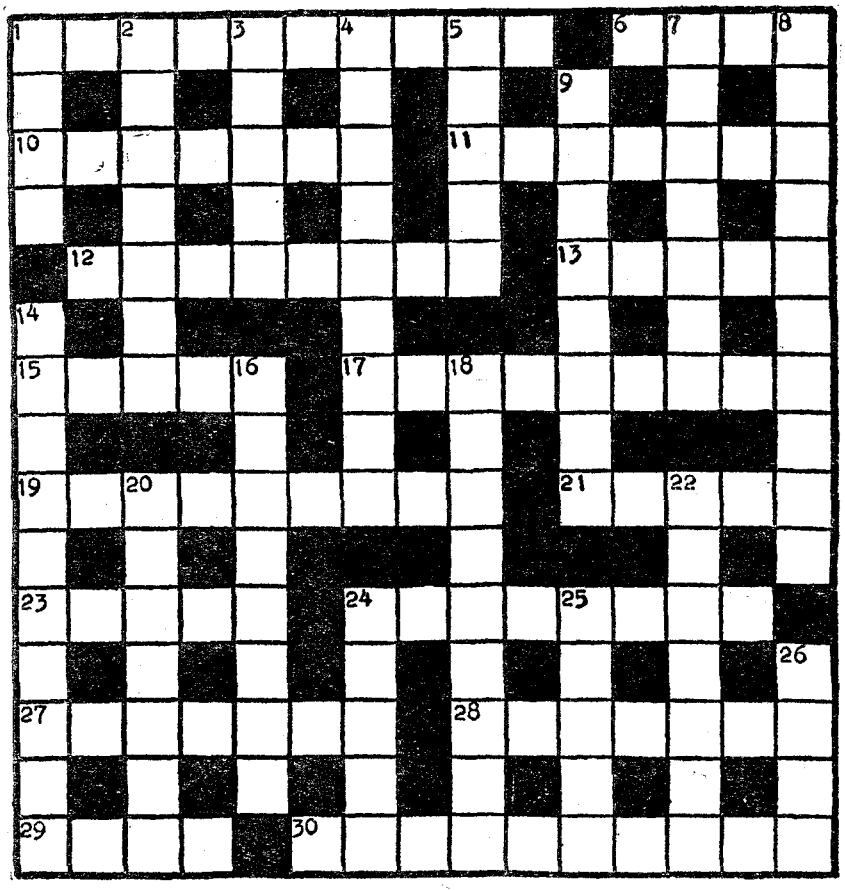
Crossword Puzzle No. 319

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 14. Solid support of many an artistic education? (10, 10)
6 This Jack is fishy. (4)
10 Some fat-encased cord? (7)
11 Run, even to break down (in more ways than one!). (7)
12 Likely to be simple with no ifs, ands, or buts about it. (8)
13 To the point, like chalk? (It involves exact timing.) (2, 3)
15 Nothing in a "take-it-or-leave-it" condition—but it comes in the middle of a dry spell. (5)
17 It's nicest when he experiments! (9)
19 Lends upon being puzzled. (9)
21 The Muse seems to have time to! (5)
23 A libido has no effect here. (5)
24 A better cast wouldn't have fouled up the line like this. (8)
27 He mails the letters of an outcast son. (7)
28 Shouldn't be a moving picture—certainly not a talkie. (7)
29 Even the worthy Homer sometimes does. (4)
30 It's an honor to have such eager furor. (10)

DOWN

1 Plug up the draft. . . . (4)
2 . . . . . and plug up with screens to catch birds. (7)
3 Require to be precise. (5)
4 Their pleasure makes their purpose—his doesn't. (9)
5 Infuriate without order. (5)
7 Air hack in India. (7)
8 See 9.
9 Call this of 8 worth 16 oz. of 26? (8)
14 See 1 across.
16 The composer who once lost his notes. (8)
18 Needle-point perhaps, of the proper gauge. (9)
20 Heeding how the beast cried? (7)
22 It's hard for the tea user to make. (7)
24 The Senate no longer has such a shackle! (5)
25 This sign should carry weight! (5)
26 See 9

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 318

ACROSS:—1 PERFECTION; 6 ACHE; 10 REPLETE; 11 SALERNO; 12 FIRST MORTGAGES; 14 LESTRADE; 15 HERETO; 16 ORIOLE; 18 FLOOR-MAT; 22 BROOKLYN BRIDGE; 24 CHAPEAU; 25 EVINCED; 26 ESSE.

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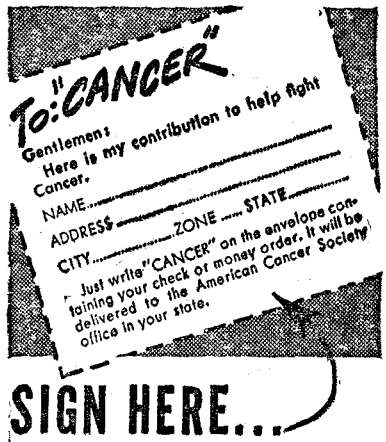
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